

A Fawcett Publication

# Monte Hale

WESTERN

OCT.  
**10¢**  
NO. 53



IN THIS EXCITING ISSUE:  
THE DALLAS KID'S LAST STAND!

Extra!  
GABBY  
HAYES

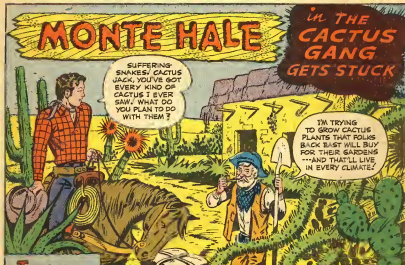


The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

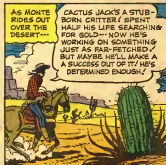
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
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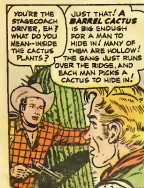
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

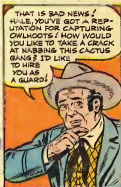
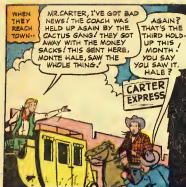
W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



**T**O MOST FOLKS A CACTUS IS JUST A WILD DESERT PLANT—SPINY AND USELESS! BUT TO MONTE HALE'S OLD PROSPECTOR FRIEND, CACTUS JACK, MEANT A WAY TO EARN A LIVING! AND TO THE GUN-SLINGING MEMBERS OF THE BOLD CACTUS GANG, THE HARDY DESERT PLANTS BECAME PERFECT HIDE-OUTS! HOW? FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT, READ—  
**THE CACTUS GANG GETS STUCK!**





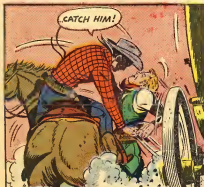


AS MONTE GALLOPS UP, INTENT ON CUTTING OFF THE OUTLAWS BEFORE THEY CAN REACH THEIR CACTUS HIDE-OUTS---

FASTER,  
PARD!  
FASTER!

---THE DRIVER, WHO HAS BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, ROLLS TO THE SIDE OF THE LURCHING STAGE COACH!

OH, OH! THAT DRIVER'S GOING TO FALL UNDER THE WHEELS--- IF I DON'T---



LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS DRIVER SAFELY BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, MONTE URGES PARTNER UP OVER THE RIDGE!

NO USE! THEY'VE ESCAPED AGAIN! THEY'RE HIDDEN IN THOSE BARREL CACTUS PLANTS WHERE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND THEM!

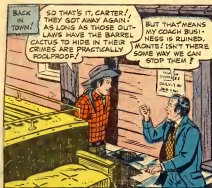
SO THIS IS THE KIND OF CACTUS THEY HIDE IN! HOLLOW, EH? TOO BAD IT DOESN'T HAVE SHARP SPINES ON THE INSIDE. JUST THE WAY IT DOES ON THE OUTSIDE! I WONDER---

IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO CAN HELP ME RIDE HERD ON THIS GANG, IT'S CACTUS JACK! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE DESERT PLANTS---AND MAYBE HE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO STOP THE GANG!

MOMENTS LATER---

I'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM A VISIT! BUT FIRST--I'D BETTER TAKE THIS INJURED MAN BACK TO TOWN---AND REPORT TO CARTER!









HELP! I'M BEING CLAWED TO DEATH! I-I CAN'T STAND IT IN HERE!



AND...FROM OTHER NEARBY CACTUS PLANTS!

OWW! I'M BEING STUCK IN A DOZEN SPOTS!



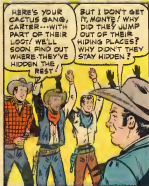
NOW'S OUR CHANCE, CARTER! LET'S ROUND UP THOSE HAWKERS!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED, MONTE...BUT AT LAST WE'VE GOT A TARGET TO SHOOT AT!



BETTER SURRENDER-- BEFORE YOU ALL GET VENTILATED!

I-I-GIVE UP! DON'T SHOOT AGAIN, HALE!

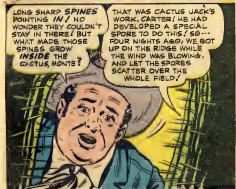


HERE'S YOUR CACTUS GANG, CARTER...WITH PART OF THEIR LOOT! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHERE THEY'VE HIDDEN THE REST!

BUT I DON'T GET IT, MONTE! WHY DID THEY JUMP OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES? WHY DIDN'T THEY STAY HIDDEN?

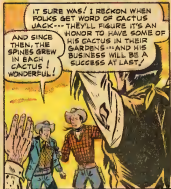


WHY? TAKE A LOOK INSIDE ONE OF THOSE CACTUSES THAT THE MEN WERE HIDING IN! THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!



LONG SHARP SPINES POINTING IN! NO WONDER THEY COULDN'T STAY IN THERE! BUT WHAT MADE THOSE SPINES GROW INSIDE THE CACTUS, MONTE?

THAT WAS CACTUS JACK'S WORK, CARTER! HE HAD DEVELOPED A SPECIAL SPORE TO DO THIS! SO... FOUR NIGHTS AGO, WE BOT UP ON THE RIDGE WHILE THE WIND WAS BLOWING, AND LET THE SPORES SCATTER OVER THE WHOLE FIELD!



IT SURE WAS! I RECKON WHEN FOLKS GET WORD OF CACTUS JACK... THEY'LL FIGURE IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE SOME OF HIS CACTUS IN THEIR GARDENS...AND HIS BUSINESS WILL BE A SUCCESS AT LAST!

AND SINCE THEN, THE SPINES GREW IN EACH CACTUS! WONDERFUL!



# GABBY HAYES

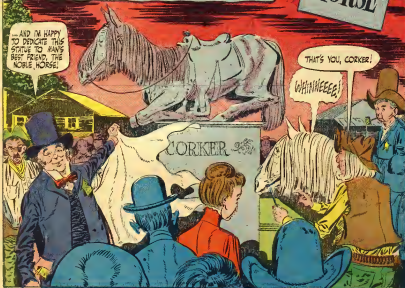
and The  
**HERO'S  
HORSE**

A BIG EVENT IS TAKING PLACE IN RANHIDE! A STATUE IS UNVEILED IN HONOR OF CORKER, THE ONLY HORSE IN THE WORLD THAT KNEELS FOR HIS MASTER TO MOUNT. CORKER'S MASTER, GABBY HAYES, LOOKS ON PROUDLY!

...AND I'M HAPPY TO DEDICATE THIS STATUE TO RANHIDE'S BEST FRIEND, THE NOBLE HORSE!

THAT'S YOU, CORKER!

WHEEEEEEE!



AFTER THE CEREMONY, GABBY THANKS MR. JOHN D. RICHFELLER, THE DONOR.

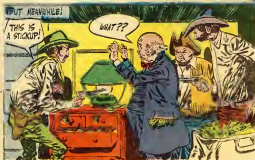
CORKER SURE APPRECIATES THIS, MR. RICHFELLER!

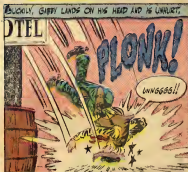
GLAD TO DO IT. HE'S THE MOST UNUSUAL HORSE AROUND RANHIDE!

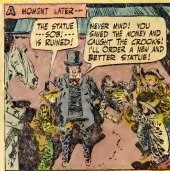
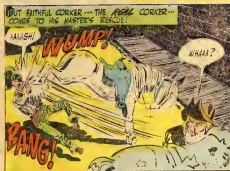


YOU SEE, I'VE GOT MORE MONEY THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH, SITCHELS OF IT! SO I GO FROM TOWN TO TOWN PUTTING UP STATUES OF FAMOUS HORSES.









# WINGS OF THE HAWK

## *A Gray Hawk Story*

*By Dick Kraus*

**T**HE HAWK circled high in the sky, keen eyes explored the ground below. Suddenly, catching a tiny gray flicker of movement beside one of the tepees of the Otapi village, it plummeted downward. Swiftly it fell. As it hit the ground, attacking the field mouse that was its prey, a sudden cry rang out from a little boy who had been sitting by the tepee.

Gracefully, the hawk soared skyward, clutching the mouse in its razor-edged talons. But, long after it had disappeared, the little boy continued to sob with fright because of the strange being that had come down out of the skies!

"My son," said Gray Eagle, chief of the tribe of the Otapi, "there is a matter that I must speak to you about. It is this hawk that you have made a pet of!"

"Yes, my father," said young Gray Hawk, respect in his voice. "What is it you would say?"

The chief frowned. He loved his strong, courageous son, and he did not want to scold or displease him. But this was necessary.

"This hawk," the chief said, "has been making a nuisance of himself about the village. He dives to catch rabbits and mice—among the tepees—and the children are frightened. The squaws say that you must get rid of him!"

"Get rid of Wahiti?" choked Gray Hawk. "But he is my pet. I raised him from a fledgling!"

"That does not matter," replied Gray Eagle. "There is the danger that he will harm one of the little children. Besides, he will be happier in the forest—free and wild—than he is around this village. You must take him away, and make him stay in the forest."

An hour later, Gray Hawk walked through the deep, green forest. The glossy-feathered hawk was perched quietly on his shoulder. The Indian youth had fastened a leather guard to protect his skin from the sharp-claws of the bird, and they often walked together

like this. But now, as they moved further and further into the forest, Gray Hawk realized sadly that it was for the last time. He thought back to the day, a year before, when he found Wahiti. The young hawk had fallen from the nest and had badly injured his wing in the drop.

Gray Hawk had cared for Wahiti, binding his injured wing so that it would heal properly and feeding the bird until he was able to hunt for himself.

Since that time, the two had been inseparable. They often hunted together, and the Indian boy had taught the hawk a number of tricks. On Gray Hawk's command, Wahiti would rise into the sky and wing his way back to the village—there to wait for his master to return.

Finally, when they had penetrated far enough into the forest, Gray Hawk stopped. He held the bird up on his wrist. Then he flung him into the air.

Wahiti tried again and again to come down, but each time Gray Hawk clapped his hands together sharply, shouting sternly at the bird. Finally, puzzled and discouraged, Wahiti rose into the sky. Squaring his shoulders, Gray Hawk turned away. Each time that Wahiti came near, he would frighten and drive him away.

Soon the hawk realized that the Indian boy no longer wanted him for a friend and he would return to the wild!

Trotting along, Gray Hawk suddenly heard a guttural cry in the forest ahead of him. Alarmed, he threw himself against a tree for cover. But it was too late. Fifty yards away, past a grove of maples, trotted a band of Sharp Horn warriors—enemies of the Otapi tribe. One of them, spying Gray Hawk, pointed at him and shouted loudly, "An Otapi boy! Seize him, or he will tell his father he has seen our war party!"

Immediately, the Sharp Horn braves sprang toward Gray Hawk. Lithe muscles pumping,

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the Otapi youth broke into a run, toward the deepest part of the forest. More familiar with the forest than the Sharp Horn warriors, Gray Hawk soon began to pull away. But, as they saw him disappearing in the foliage, one of the enemy braves lifted his tomahawk.

Savagely, he hurled it through the air. The keen-bladed weapon slashed through the upper part of Gray Hawk's arm. Gray Hawk recovered at once and kept running, until he was finally hidden deep in the underbrush. There he lay, heart pounding rapidly, as the Sharp Horn braves combed the forest for him.

He could hear them calling to each other in their search, and finally heard one say, "He was hurt by your tomahawk, Angry Bear. That was a good throw. He will not be able to run fast enough to warn his people of our being in the forest. Quick! Let us hurry and take the Otapi by surprise!"

"It is good," the other brave replied. "Let us hurry!"

Lying there, Gray Hawk realized with dismay that the band of Sharp Horn warriors was racing toward his father's village, planning to take it by surprise, to slay the men and enslave the women and children. He, alone, of all the Otapi knew of their presence in the forest. But how could he, weak from loss of blood, warn his people. How? Discouraged, he shook his head. One would have to fly to overtake those Sharp Horns!

"To fly!" he mused to himself. Suddenly, the Otapi boy realized what it was he had to do. Looking up, he saw his faithful hawk circling overhead. He uttered a low, shrill whistle—the signal for the bird to come down. Wahiti circled twice—then, reassured, plummeted downward. In a moment, he was on Gray Hawk's shoulder.

"I must send you back to the village," Gray Hawk said slowly. "But how can I tell my father of the danger?"

Quickly, he took off the silver bracelet that he wore about his wrist—the bracelet that carried the tribal symbols of the Otapi. His father would recognize that. Then he daubed a bright red smear from his wound onto the bracelet. Finally, he tied the bauble to the bird and stood up. Crying, "Go home, Wahiti! Go home!" he tossed him into the air.

For a moment, the hawk circled, puzzled. Then, recognizing the familiar signal, he

wheeled through the air and sped in the direction of the Otapi village. Gray Hawk watched him disappear in the sky. Then, painfully, he began to walk through the forest in the same direction. . .

It was two hours later. Gray Hawk had stumbled slowly through the forest all that time. Now he was near the Otapi village. But he still did not know whether Wahiti had delivered the warning, or whether the Sharp Horn braves had been able to deliver a surprise attack.

Suddenly, he began to hear cries of terror and pain. Dropping to one knee, he hid behind a bush. In a moment, he saw the Sharp Horn warriors streaming past him in flight. Tattered and wounded, their attack had evidently been a failure, and they were fleeing into the forest sadly defeated!

Hiding there, Gray Hawk chuckled noiselessly to himself. Within a few moments, many warriors of the Otapi came by shouting and laughing at their victory. Among them was Gray Hawk's father—mighty Gray Eagle. The boy stepped out from behind the bush, and ran toward his father. The chief stopped at the sight of his son.

"You have done well, Gray Hawk," he said. "When the hawk returned with your bracelet covered with blood, we sent our scouts. They returned with news of the Sharp Horn war party. We prepared an ambush! You saw what happened."

Gray Hawk smiled. "I saw what happened. Those braves will not dare to attack us again!"

Then his face grew serious. "Tell me, father, must I still get rid of Wahiti? What do you say now? Are you still afraid for the little children?"

Gray Eagle put a hand on his son's shoulder. "My boy," he said, "that hawk is a remarkable bird. It would be a shame to let him go! No, I have decided that we will keep him in the village, as you desire. In fact," and he slowly began to smile, "I have set several small boys to catching mice for him! We must make sure that he is well fed!"

THE END



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# MONTE HALE

## in THE DALLAS KID'S LAST STAND!

In broad daylight an outlaw gang surged down from the Skyline Hills on one of the boldest bank raids of all times! As they fled with their loot, the badmen left behind a single clue—a TINY GOLD LOCKET! Not much to go on, perhaps! But it was enough to send MONTE HALE down the gun-smoke trail to...  
**THE DALLAS KID'S LAST STAND!**

HOLD ON, DALLAS! THAT'S YOUR OWN DAUGHTER!

BANG!  
BANG!



THE TOWN OF ROCKY SPRINGS IS CROWDED WITH VISITORS—FOR A LONG-AWAITED SAVINGS BANK IS TO BE OPENED!

I'M SURE GLAD THAT YOU'VE GOT A BANK OF YOUR OWN AT LAST, SHERIFF! IT'S A SIGN THAT ROCKY SPRINGS IS REALLY GROWING!

THAT'S A FACT, MONTE!



BUT, AS THE HEAVY BANK DOOR SWINGS OPEN...

GRAB YOUR HARDWARE — AND LET'S GET MOVING, BOYS!

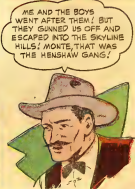
RIGHT! OUT OF MY WAY, MISTER BANKER!



WE'LL HOLD THE CROWD OFF!

IT'LL ONLY TAKE US A FEW SECONDS!





THE HENSHAW GANG! THAT BUNCH OF CUTTHROATS! THEY GOT CLEAN AWAY, MONTE— LEAVING US BROKE AND RUINED! WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM IN THOSE HILLS!



MAYBE NOT CLEAN AWAY, GENTS! ONE OF THEM LEFT A SOUVENIR, THIS LITTLE GOLD LOCKET I SHOT FROM AROUND HIS NECK!



THE DALLAS KID, EH? IT'S GOT A PICTURE OF A LITTLE GIRL INSIDE... A MIGHTY PRETTY LITTLE GIRL!



MUST BE HIS DAUGHTER! THEY SAY HE'S GOT A LITTLE GIRL! WHEN HIS WIFE DIED, HE PUT HER IN A MISSION TO LIVE, BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHERE!



WELL, GENTS, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING MORE I CAN DO AROUND HERE, SO I RECKON I'LL BE RIDING ON!



AS PARDNER'S LONG STRIDES COVER THE MOUNTAIN MILES, MONTE HALE STUDIES THE TINY GOLDEN LOCKET!



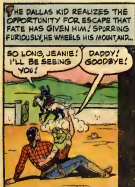
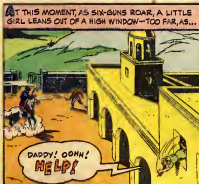
THAT NIGHT AT THE SAN PABLO MISSION...

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THIS IS WHERE THE DALLAS KID'S LITTLE GIRL IS STAYING! HE'LL PROBABLY COME TO SEE HER AFTER THAT LAST BIG JOB!



THROUGH THE NIGHT, MONTE'S GIANT FORM CROUCHES IN THE BELL TOWER! THEN, AT DAYBREAK...





**A**S MONTE HALE URGES PARDNER INTO THE MOUNTAINS, HE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED!

WE'VE GOT AN OLD FRIEND COMING TO VISIT US, BOYS! IT'S MONTE HALE! AS SOON AS HE RIDES INTO THE BLIND CANYON AHEAD...



...WE'LL CLOSE IN ON HIM AND FINISH HIM OFF! PERFECT!

THE DALLAS KID'S TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT CANYON AHEAD! IT MAY BE A TRAP, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO IN AFTER HIM!



**S**UDDENLY, PARDNER REARS BACK, AS...



DALLAS!

DON'T SHOOT, MONTE! I WANT TO WARN YOU, TO HELP YOU!

TO HELP ME? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU'RE IN A TRAP, MONTE! THE HENSHAW GANG HAS LOOKOUTS ALONG THE TRAIL! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON YOU! THEY'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!



WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

BECAUSE YOU SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE! YOU DIDN'T SHOOT, BACK THERE AT THE MISSION... EVEN THOUGH I COULD HAVE PLUGGED YOU THEN! SO I OWE YOU THIS! AND BESIDES, MONTE, I WANT TO GO STRAIGHT!



THE HENSHAW GANG FRAMED ME INTO JOINING THEM, YEARS AGO! I WAS AFRAID TO LEAVE THEM, BUT YOUR EXAMPLE OF COURAGE MADE ME DECIDE TO TAKE THE CHANCE! BESIDES, I DON'T WANT MY LITTLE GIRL TO HAVE AN OUTLAW FOR A FATHER!



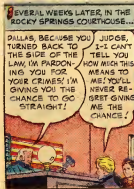
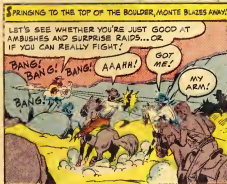
GOOD! NOW YOU'RE TALKING LIKE A REAL MAN, DALLAS!

**B**UT, AT THIS MOMENT!

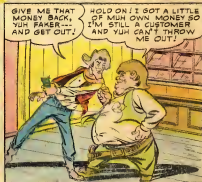


HALE'S IN THERE! AND THERE'S NO OTHER EXIT!

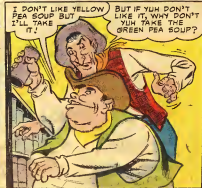
LET'S FINISH THE VARMINT OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL!

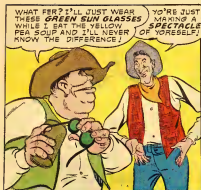




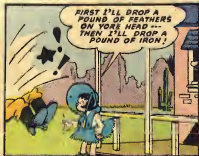
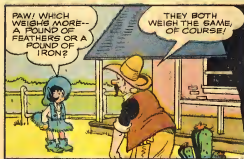








## BRONKO BETSY

WEIGHTY  
SUBJECT!

## COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

CROWNING A NEW KING-  
OF THE GOLDEN WEST-

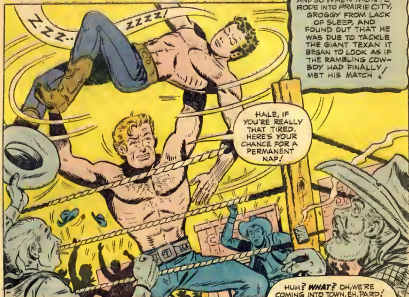
BOB COLT



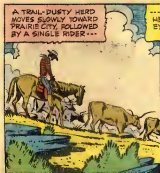
10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢

# MONTE HALE

## MONTE MEETS HIS MATCH!



**TEX** MABIE WAS A HARD-FIGHTING TEXAS HOMBRE... THE PRIDE OF HIS LONE STAR BUDDIES! UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES TEX WOULD HAVE BEEN A FIT OPPONENT FOR **MONTE HALE!** AND SO WHEN MONTE RODE INTO PRAIRIE CITY, GROGGY FROM LACK OF SLEEP, AND FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS DUE TO TACKLE THE GIANT TEXAN IT BEGAN TO LOOK AS IF THE RAMBLING COWBOY HAD FINALLY MET HIS MATCH.



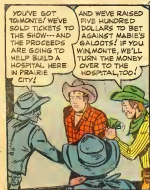
A TRAIL-DUSTY HERD MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD PRAIRIE CITY, FOLLOWED BY A SINGLE RIDER...

... AND THE RIDER, WITH HEAD SUNK FORWARD AND EYES CLOSED IN SLUMBER, IS **MONTE HALE!**

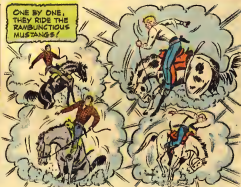


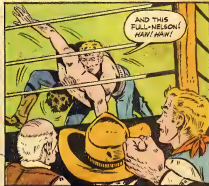
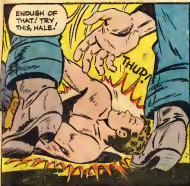
HUH? WHAT? OH, WE'RE COMING INTO TOWN, EH, PARD! AFTER SIX DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE TRAIL WITHOUT REST, I'M PLUMB READY TO FALL OFF THE SADDLE! BUT WE'LL SOON BE TURNING THIS HERD OVER TO THE RAILROAD MEN--THEN YOU AND I'LL GET A LITTLE REST!















ONE  
SHOULDER'S  
STILL OFF THE  
CANVAS! I'VE  
GOT TO...  
GET UP!



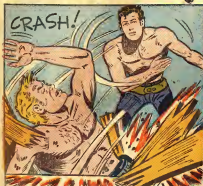
WITH A MIGHTY SURGE, MONTE  
BREAKS HIS OPPONENT'S HOLD--

NOW!

WHAT  
THE--?



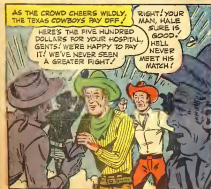
TEX, YOU'RE  
GOING FOR A  
RIDE! GET SET  
FOR A ROUGH  
LANDING!



CRASH!



HE'S OUT COLD!  
I HEREBY DECLARE  
MONTE HALE THE  
WINNER!!



AS THE CROWD CHEERS WILDLY,  
THE TEXAS COWBOYS PAY OFF!

HERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS FOR YOUR HOSPITAL,  
GENTS! WE'RE HAPPY TO PAY  
IT! WE'VE NEVER SEEN  
A GREATER FIGHT!

RIGHT! YOUR  
MAN, HALE  
SURE IS  
GOOD.  
HELL  
NEVER  
MEET HIS  
MATCH!



OH, NO?  
HE'S JUST  
MET HIS  
MATCH!

AND THE  
NAME OF  
THE WINNER  
IS OLD MAN  
SLEEP!

ZZZZZZZ!